

had time permitted ; but the train had to be packed up with passengers and luggage, and there was no time to spare.

In a few minutes they were off, amidst tears and cheers, while Mr. Jones and I, with Mr. Alexander Begg, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the remainder of the emigrants, followed. A little after five we arrived at Liverpool, and then Mr. Jones had to work like a horse.

Meanwhile, I, with a couple of artistic friends, who are to sketch us, all took our ease in our inn, from which comfortable quarters I felt sadly indisposed to stir ; but I had to see the emigrants off, and my heart sank into my shoes as, looking at the hundreds swarming the platform, and the pyramids of luggage, and then at the *Sarnia* moored in mid-stream, the thought suggested itself, How on earth can they all be stowed away ?—a query which, however, was soon settled, as, at a later hour, I found myself on